you put me on and said I was your favorite
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you put me on and said I was your favorite

by wesawbears

Summary

Luke isn't jealous about Willie and Alex. He just has complicated feelings about seeing Alex and Willie be the way they were.

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Luke sees Alex playing with Willie's hair and has a minor abandonment freakout.

Luke sat against the foot of the couch, tapping his knee in an attempt to get rid of his restless energy. They could be practicing, but Alex had wanted to hang out with Willie, and Luke wasn't enough of an asshole to resist the puppy eyes. Julie was at school, and had told him that he was "distracting", so he was doing his best to play nice and get to know Alex's...boyfriend? It wasn't clear whether there was a label there yet.

The two were explaining their latest excursion on the streets of Hollywood. If they weren't already...dead, Luke would be worried about Alex's klutzy self breaking his neck trying to skateboard, but it seemed like he was just tagging along for now.

He looked up when Alex let out a loud laugh and saw Alex smiling down at Willie, running his hand through his hair lightly.

Luke felt suddenly like the room was too small. He hopped up, ignoring Reggie's concerned look and Alex's questions of concern. One perk of teleportation was that he could leave the garage without having to actually perform a storm out. One thought and he was outside, catching his breath against the wall.

The downside of becoming ghosts with one's best friends was that they also had convenient teleportation powers. Alex popped up beside him, familiar worry crease between his eyebrows.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine."

"Luke…"

"Just drop it, okay? Go back to your boyfriend."

Alex, ever patient saint that he was, just looked at him and sighed. "You're not jealous."

"I'm not jealous."

"Then…" Alex waved his hand, as though trying to get Luke to a point.

"I don't know. I'm not...good at talking about stuff like this."

"You're good at writing it though."

"Well yeah…"

Alex crossed his ankles, resolving himself to sit there until Luke figured himself out. "So talk to me. Like you're writing."

It wasn't that easy. He didn't like to have his thoughts out in the open until he was sure they were what he meant. He didn't want to have any miscommunications or regrets. Not again.

No poetry came to mind. Instead, all he managed to mumble was, "You were playing with his hair."

Alex raised an eyebrow at that. "Okay…"

Luke sighed. "That was...our thing."

When they had dated, Alex had always let out his worries by playing with Luke's hair. It had worked- Alex got to fidget somewhat and lose himself, while Luke was actually able to relax and focus only on the feeling of Alex's hand in his hair. He didn't know why seeing Alex do the same with Willie made this feeling flare up in his chest. It wasn't like he still had feelings for Alex. They had decided ages ago that they were better off as friends.

They had always been tactile though, even as friends. At least, Luke had been. Even if Alex wasn't someone he wanted to be in a relationship with, he still wanted the closeness they had. The idea of Alex just transferring that to another person stung. It made him feel like a placeholder for something better.

Maybe they weren't as close as he had thought. Maybe Alex was just being nice. Maybe Luke was the clingy ex.

He swallowed and continued, "I just...don't want to lose you too."

Alex softened. "You're not going to. You're my best friend."

Luke nodded. "I don't want anything to change."

"I feel like we've had this conversation before."

They had. When they broke up, Luke had been so stressed at the thought of losing Alex he hadn't been able to look at him. He had Reggie too, obviously, but while Reggie fed off Luke's frantic energy, Alex kept him steady. Gave him something to hold onto.

Alex stepped forward and hugged him, letting Luke take a steadying breath. "I'm sorry. I'll stop being stupid."

"Mmm...wouldn't go that far."

Luke reached out to shove at Alex, who just laughed and jumped out of the way.

"Ready to go back in there and act like a person?"

Luke nodded and they went back in, bracing themselves for whatever chaos Willie and Reggie had come up with together. Thankfully, they seemed to just be debating whether soup counted as cereal.

Alex settled back on the couch, winding a hand through Willie's hair. "All good?"

"Super," Willie said, leaning back against Alex.

Luke settled against the couch, only to feel Alex's hand in his hair. He relaxed instantly.

"I have two hands."

Luke huffed, but closed his eyes and let himself relax into the feeling.

After a few minutes, Reggie piped up, "You know…maybe if we're ghosts, we could get superpowers! Like an extra hand…"

"Come here, Reggie."

Luke moved his hand into Reggie's hair. Julie would probably (definitely) call him an idiot, but once she was here, he would have everything he would ever need.

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